

## Snow Blow by lapits (nadagio)

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**Summary:**

Feeling reckless and in need of a good time, Steve propositions Billy at a house party. Why not? He's done stupider things recently and it can't end any worse than last time, right?

## **Snow Blow**

### **Author's Note:**

This will make a little more sense if you've read the previous story, Halloween Smash.

Steve had a good two hours to kill after dropping Dustin off at the Snow Ball. He could just go home like he'd planned. Or. He could go to the Christmas-themed house party being held tonight.

After encouraging Dustin to have a good time and seeing Nancy all dressed up, Steve was leaning toward the party idea. He couldn't drink much and still drive Dustin home, but he could hopefully have a little fun. Socialize. Try and get over the girl who'd dumped him.

Yeah. He was in the mood for a party.

By the time he pulled up in the right neighborhood, enough people were already there he had to park two blocks down from the house. He walked quickly, regretting not bringing a jacket. It was winter now, the sun was down, and all he had was a light sweater to keep out the cold. Smart move, Harrington.

He knew he was at the right house when he heard the music blasting from the open door, where teenagers spilled out onto the front lawn in clusters holding red solo cups full of alcohol. Subtle. They'd all be lucky if no one called the cops tonight.

Then Steve saw Billy Hargrove smoking in the driveway and his steps slowed. He reconsidered the whole party idea.

See, once upon a Halloween party Steve had a little more "fun" than he'd planned with Hargrove. Except Hargrove got pissy and could apparently hold a nasty grudge for fucking ever about it. Then he threatened the kids Steve was looking after and beat Steve unconscious, so, yeah, their relationship was a little rocky.

Whatever. Steve had come to have a good time and one asshole wasn't gonna stop him.

He walked up the driveway and damn near prayed that Hargrove would let him pass in peace, but when had the guy ever passed up an opportunity to harass him?

"If it isn't King Steve," Hargrove said, a slow drawl.

Steve stopped walking and stood his ground. Ignoring the bastard might be the smart thing to do, but people rarely accused Steve of being smart.

"That's getting a bit old, don't you think?" Steve said. "Calling me King?"

Hargrove shrugged, took a drag from his cigarette and licked his lips. That fucking tongue. He said, "Hasn't lost its shine for me yet."

"Well I'd appreciate it if you cut it out." Nice and evenly stated, mature even. A polite request.

"That's not very convincing," Hargrove said, smirking. "You can do better than that, can't you?"

What sort of convincing was the guy looking for? Another fist fight? To hell with that.

"You might consider it a favor I could repay in kind," Steve said.

"By *not* calling me King Billy?" Hargrove tilted his head, flattened his lips in exaggerated thought. "I don't think that would bother me, really."

Big fucking surprise.

"By not mocking you when the chance comes around," Steve clarified.

"Not much of a favor. Have yet to see you take a chance."

"So call it insurance I never will."

Hargrove nodded at that, looking Steve up and down with a frown. It was a great deal on his end: avoid one stupid nickname and Steve

would never mock him. Not that he ever would, probably. Steve was a mostly reformed asshole, hadn't been a major dick to anybody in about a year. Not even to Billy Hargrove.

"Sure, why the hell not," Hargrove said, offering his hand. "No more King Steve. Just Steve okay?"

Steve eyed the hand suspiciously, expecting some kind of trick. But when Steve offered his hand in return, Hargrove just shook it to seal their deal.

"...Steve is fine," he said.

That's when Hargrove tightened his grip. He placed his other palm on top of their clasped hands, cigarette held carefully between his fingers so as not to burn. There it was. Steve tensed and waited for some clue about what the asshole's game was.

Hargrove met his eyes with a painted on smile, falsely pleasant.

"Steve. Gotta say I'm curious," Hargrove said. "You suddenly deciding to talk to me? A little strange. Usually you can't run away fast enough."

He had a point. Steve had no good reason to linger and make conversation. In fact, he had every good reason *not* to. He'd be asking himself why, except lately he was trying to be a little more self-aware so he knew exactly why.

It had everything to do with his memories of Halloween, and the sick-pleasure lurch in his gut he was feeling at having his hand held tight in Hargrove's.

In that moment he decided to embrace it. Why not? He no longer had a girlfriend. He fully acknowledged his sexuality now, at least in his own head. And there was no reputation or relationship to protect with Hargrove. The guy was being his version of polite, too. The worst had already happened. So why the fuck not?

Steve tugged on his hand and Hargrove obliged by letting him go. He stuffed his chilled fingers into his pant pockets and tried to look confident. Tried to resist looking away or hunching his shoulders.

“Have a question for you,” Steve said.

“So ask.” Hargrove brought the cigarette to his mouth, and Steve allowed his eyes to linger on puckered lips.

“Still wanna listen to some music?”

Hargrove froze, eyes narrowed. He obviously recognized the reference to Halloween. The first time Steve had admitted it ever happened out loud.

“You forget how I beat your face to a pulp not too long ago, Steve?” Hargrove said, drawing himself up tall and dropping his cigarette to the ground to put it out.

“Nah. Just don’t really care right now,” Steve admitted, grinning. God, this was stupid. “Unless you’re gonna beat my face for asking about music.”

“Depends.”

“On?”

“If you’re really talking about music.” His tone suggested that he’d be happy to punch Steve in the face again if this was anything other than what he thought it was.

Luckily for Steve: “I’m not talking about music.”

Hargrove nodded and gave Steve another once over with his eyes. Licked his lips like he’d never heard of chapstick. Why the hell that was at all appealing, Steve couldn’t begin to guess.

“Thought you’re not queer?” Hargrove said.

“Never said that,” Steve was happy to point out. Finally. “You didn’t let me say much of anything before you started screaming at me.”

Hargrove shrugged, looking not very apologetic. Asshole. Luckily, liking the guy wasn’t necessary to get into his pants.

“Call it a bad habit, maybe,” he said. “Making assumptions. Getting

angry.”

“Real bad habit.” Understatement.

“Yeah.”

Talking about it meant he had to ask, “You gonna freak out on me again if we give this another go?”

“You gonna look at me like all your nightmares come to life, after?”

Steve laughed. It was maybe a little unhinged.

“Trust me,” Steve said. “My nightmares are nothing like you.”

“That’s not a no.”

“It’s a no. Not promising anything else though. After.”

“Not promising I won’t freak out either, if you give me reason to.”

That sounded... ominous. Steve said, “I have a feeling my idea of ‘reason’ and yours don’t line up too well.”

“Maybe not.” Hargrove smirked and leaned closer. “Still wanna go?”

It sounded like a dare.

“Why the fuck not,” Steve said. “I’m feeling reckless tonight.”

Hargrove laughed and gave him a slap on the shoulder. He said, “That’s the spirit.”

He started walking away from the house like it was obvious Steve would follow. Maybe it was. He did. He even hurried to catch up so he wouldn’t be trailing behind like some lost lamb.

“Where we going, Hargrove?”

“I’m gonna have your dick in my mouth soon, Steve. Maybe you should use my first name.”

Steve rolled his eyes. Tried to ignore any hint of a positive reaction to

that claim.

“Where we going, *Billy*?”

“To my car, idiot. You might remember. You got off in it once.”

“Also remember you shoving me out of it.”

They stopped walking, now a block or so from the house opposite Steve’s own car. Sure enough, there was the blue two-door they’d had their drunken tryst in not even two months ago.

*Billy* unlocked it and said, “Well here’s to better memories and happy endings.” He opened the door with a dramatic flourish.

“I’d drink to that,” Steve said, feeling foolishly hopeful. A happy ending would be nice. He still hesitated to get in the car.

“Sorry, left the booze in my other pants.” *Billy* cocked his hip sideways and raised his eyebrows expectantly.

Steve trailed his eyes down *Billy*’s jeans, looking nearly painted on they were so tight. The view was a good reminder of why he was here.

“As if anything else could squeeze into those pants,” he said. He crawled inside the car and stifled a yelp when he felt a slap on his ass going in. That shithead.

“Sounding dangerously close to mocking there, Steve.”

“Just some friendly teasing, is all.” Steve settled in the backseat and watched *Billy* crawl in after him. “You forbid that and I’m worried this’ll get boring.”

*Billy* sat facing him, eyes catching his with a leer.

“Things’ll never get boring with me, pretty boy.”

“Awfully confident.”

“I am.”

There was a moment of still appraisal. Their eyes wandered freely. Steve felt sick with anticipation but now the moment was here and he wasn't sure what to do with it. This was *Billy Hargrove* and Steve didn't have the excuse of being piss drunk to fall back on this time.

Billy stretched his legs across the seat on either side of Steve's hips. He tilted his chin, smirking, and said, "Well here I am. You gonna do something about it or just pussy around like a bitch?"

That got him moving. The moment Steve leaned closer, Billy grabbed him by his sweater and pulled him the rest of the way until their mouths clashed.

There was nothing soft about it. All biting teeth and possessive tongues and desperate resentment. Steve swore his body temperature rose ten degrees because he felt so *hot* with his lips on Billy's lips, with his arms brushing against Billy's ribs and his legs twisted awkwardly between Billy's thighs.

Steve scrambled to find a more comfortable position, unwilling to end the kiss for even a moment. Knees knocked and hands shoved, but eventually he was straddling Billy's hips and his spine curved sharply to keep their lips locked.

Billy grabbed his ass and Steve pawed at the gaping collar of Billy's shirt, needing to feel skin. Their hips rocked to press groin to groin, dicks swelling in the tight confines of their pants but the rhythmic pressure felt so *good*.

Billy pushed him away and Steve sat up, gasping. Lips swollen and face flushed.

"Clothes. Off," Billy said, already working on the few closed buttons of his own shirt.

Steve stripped off his sweater and shirt together in one sweep of his arms. Bare-chested, he shivered in the cold air. His skin pricked, but the sensation just added to the pleasure that was warming his whole body. He unbuttoned his jeans while Billy sat forward, twisting to pull off his jacket and shirt.

Seeing Billy's arms trapped behind him by the sleeves, Steve had a real nice thought.

Steve pressed forward, pushing Billy back so his arms were stuck and ignored Billy's, "What -?"

His mouth trailed down Billy's chest and stomach. He relished the sound and feel of Billy's breathless groan as his attention turned to Billy's groin. Unbuckling, unbuttoning, unzipping. Gripping the waistline to yank until Billy's erection was exposed.

He hesitated.

"Don't stop now, dipshit," Billy said, bucking his hips up hard and fast. Steve flinched back, almost getting a literal eye full of dick. "I *know* you know what to do with it."

Sure, in *theory*. But like hell would Steve say he was nervous about sucking dick for the first time.

"Be nicer to the guy with his teeth near your junk, will you?" Steve said.

He went for it. Gripped the base and used lips and tongue to stroke and suck. It was clumsy and a little uncomfortable, difficult to hold his mouth open that wide and avoid scraping with teeth. But Billy seemed to enjoy it well enough, and Steve enjoyed the sounds of his pleasure, the cries of "Fuck!" and "Shit!" and the sheen of sweat on Billy's convulsing abdominals.

Billy twisted and wriggled and finally managed to free his arms. Steve pulled his mouth off briefly in favor of using his hands, but soon Billy's fingers tangled in his hair to guide him back down. He obliged, until those fingers pressed him too far and Billy's dick hit the back of his throat. Steve pulled back, choking.

"Come on," Billy said, his voice a low growl. "Come on."

With Billy's words and hands egging him on, Steve tried again. Went down and deep, sucked and forced himself to ignore the gagging when he went too far. He went at it with a single-minded focus that had him unaware of the passing of time until Billy started to really

shake beneath him.

“Aaah!” Billy cried wordlessly, gripping the back of Steve’s head as he shot loads of semen into Steve’s mouth. “Shit!”

Steve swallowed and sucked him through it until Billy shoved him off. He sat up and worked his jaw, grimacing at the ache and the lingering taste in his mouth.

“C’mere,” Billy said, soft almost, and pulled him close for a kiss. Slow and lingering. It did nothing to extinguish Steve’s own need, temporarily put aside in favor of Billy’s pleasure.

Steve’s breathing picked up again as Billy’s hand slid down along his stomach, reaching into his pants to grab him tight. He gave a few firm strokes that had Steve squirming.

Billy pushed his shoulder until it was Steve leaning back, Steve watching as Billy slid down and freed his erection. Billy stroking and licking and sucking. Holy shit. Holy. Shit.

Steve stared at the head of blond curls bobbing up and down on his dick, feeling weak with lust. Fuck. His memories of Halloween didn’t do the guy’s skills justice. It was so much better sober. Surreal as hell too, knowing that this was Billy fucking Hargrove sucking his dick... but better.

“Shit,” Steve gasped. “Oh shit. God.”

Billy did something with his tongue that was just fucking *unreal*, and Steve slammed his head back with groan, pressing his hips up, up, just wanting *more*.

“Billy!” Steve said, maybe a plea, maybe in thanks.

Billy took him right across the edge of orgasm and beyond, sweeping gentle hands along his hips and stomach as Steve came down, shaking. He slid up Steve’s body and pinned him there, chest to chest, bringing their mouths together for another soft, sloppy kiss.

“Good memory?” Billy asked, pulling away with half-lidded eyes. He turned to look in the rearview mirror and adjusted his hair.

“Yeah,” Steve admitted, watching him. Hard to deny the pleasure of a quality blow job. “Fingers still crossed for that happy ending.”

Billy snorted, leaning back and spreading his arms across the back seat. His pants were still pulled low around his thighs.

“Don’t hold your breath, amigo,” he said. “This isn’t a fucking fairytale.”

“No screaming so far,” Steve said. He was feeling pleasantly optimistic after a good orgasm. “That’s a start.”

“No scared looks or denials either,” Billy said, closing his eyes. “Guess I don’t need to kick you to the curb just yet.”

“Hmm.”

Steve started to shiver as his body cooled, but was reluctant to reach for his shirt. As if getting dressed would ruin the downright friendly atmosphere he and Billy had managed to create through makeouts and suck jobs.

“You actually got some tapes in here worth listening to?” Steve asked.

Billy laughed. He said, “You really want to listen to music?”

“Sure.” Steve shrugged. “I have some time to kill. Unless you’d rather go back to the party?”

“Nah.” Billy pulled up his pants and reached for Steve’s sweater to toss it his way. “Party was shit. Music is fine.”

“So what do you have?”

They got dressed and Billy shared his small collection of cassette tapes. He explained that the majority were back at his place: a good collection of small-time California bands and popular metal albums. They talked and listened to Metallica, wasting time until they both had to go and pick up their respective charges from the middle school dance. It was actually pleasant, all together, when he ignored Billy’s more tasteless comments and taunts.

So that's how Steve spent his Friday night before Christmas: with Billy Hargrove. A surprisingly happy ending.

**Author's Note:**

I guess I just can't leave these idiots without some kind of resolution. I may be physically incapable of writing proper hate sex, so I hope you enjoyed their sort-of friendly dynamic here instead. Thanks for reading. :)